In the house of "El Chaito," ex-bullfighter of Madrid and present "Torero
before the Mexican public," there was
dire dismay, owing to the low state—
the very low state—of the family exchequer. This and state of affairs is
common to many people among the
members of the bull-fighting fraternity,
who are not esteemed now as they once
what a shame we are not let into the
secret!

members of the bull-fighting fraternity, who are not esteemed now as they once were. This, however, only in Mexico; whitever else may come and go in Spain, bull-fighting is always with them.

"El Chatto" (meaning "the snubnose") bad just finished taking his morning chocolate and "pan duice," assisted by his pretty wife. Dona Lolita, who also had been a member of the noble army of bull-fighters—in fact, first female espada in the big ring at Seville—but this was a secret. A career that might possibly have been glorious had been cut short by the selfschness of "El Chatto," who had loved her, married her, and taken her away from the old world to the new—the rich country of Mexico—where a bull-fighter was a prince. But that was several years agn. Buccessful, freed and honored in Cuba and afferward in Maxico, "El Chatto's" prosperity had not lasted lons, for soon had come the edict that bull-fighting in Mexico must stop. A few desultory fights were still allowed, through which a torero could not make an actual fortune.

This morning, the day before the bull-fight honoring the fiesta of San Marcos, "El Chatto," needing some spare silver for the furnishing up of his costume, bad turned out his pockets, with the easistance of Dona Lolita—who, of course, was already fully informed as to their contents, being but a woman. Investigation revealed one big place, and fourteen copper centivos. Not enough to pay coach hire even!

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Carrambas! Here was a pretty mees;
no wonder that "El Chatto" leisurely
and caimly spoke every naughty and
furid word that came to his mind during the next half bour, the while Dona
Lolita tranquilly drank her checolate,



Mary Meginniss-I heard yer fader was a pugillet. Fauntieroy (wistfully)-No. He's only a pres

and then lit a cigarette, her dimpled is well filled—with rich Spaniards at that—for which reason Dona Lolita rejoices; the more Spaniards the more At last, out of breath, "El Chatto" diners. "O'als that there were nothing paused and glared about him, as though but Spaniards," she thinks.



Sue Brette-I took a flat uptown, to-day. Dr. Bis-What did you do with him?



married life there in Barcelona, he would not now be a lone, triste man, without home, chick or child—only the money. For though money is good, it doesn't always fill every chink of the heart!

Dona Lolita, in spite of that sweet, say demureness of hers, has noted the effect of her costume a la Espanola; the relation of the relation of the costume a la Espanola; the relation of the rela



my the rich tables present, and of flowers, Amid shouts of "bra-gers! is all popus into the ring. As great bander, Franquillo, who is the that the that is a hardy move-ous his footman with a message

or \$10,000. To that Done Lotte's little plan workowed after direct well that five days
are she and her helicand left for Spain,
there, having maked raped more money
o the bunker's \$10,000 they have now reired mine are great patrix. And "Elbetto" tays always that he owes his
access to his strong which is not uncretand, very catters by, by the Spain
ribe of Spain. Hewitt Darrelt in the
\$200muth.

## SHE KYEW A LING OR TWO

And Won Ane v the Cherished Love and Admiration of Her Husband.

Washington Star: A young Washington man whose wife went away for the summer a couple of weeks ago was havsummer a couple of weeks ago was having a little fun up at his home on Seventeenth street last Friday night—that is, he had three of his down town chums with him in the dining room, and they were playing a bit of a game of—well, there were chips on the table, but some people has chips for counters in playing suchre. The four men were in their shirt sleeves and each of 'em got up occasionally and made a trip to the side-board, where there was a ginger pop bottle or two and some sandyiches and that sort of thing. They were getting along first rate, when there was a loud ring at the front doer bell.

"The house is pinched," said all hands in a chorus, perking up their ears.

The young married man looked a bit puszled.

"I wonder who the dickens it ie?" said he. "I've a good mind to let 'em ring. It's dark in the front of the house and they'll think there's nobody at home. What do you say, fellows?"

"May be a telegram," said one of them.

"That's 50," said the young married

"May be a telegram," said one of them.

"That's \$0," said the young married man, and he went to the door. Then the three young fellows in the dining room heard this:

"Hello, Jack, dear. Surprised to see me, you lovely old thing? (Queer osculatory noises.) But I was so worried, Jack, about the way things were running, and I was afraid old Mam Sue mightn't be giving you enough to eat. And I just wanted to see you, anyhow, and you letter telling me that you couldn't see me over Sunday just made me blue, and so I just came hame, so there, and no scolding! I'm going back to-morrow."

me blue, and so I just Came that, as there, and no scolding! I'm going back to-morrow."

"Tickled to death to see you, Toots," said Jack. "Make yourself at home. Take off your things. Might as well sizy awhile. Oh, I say, Tools, there's some fellows back in the dining room-jim and Bill and Tom. Just happened in in a bunch to see me. Thought I might be lonesome, I guess. Come on back and see 'em."

"Of course I will, the dear, good natured things, to come and see you when you're lonesome," and then the young married man and his wife salled aft to the dining room. All vestiges of the euchre game had disappeared. So had the bottle of ginger pop.

"As I was saying," said Bill to Tom, when the young husband and wife came linto the room, "the investment's all right from the standpoint of security, but a man ought to be able to get more than 3 per cent for his money nowadays. There are a lot of good things—why, Mrs. Jobson, you back? How do you do? Come back to surprise Jack? Well, Jack's in luck, that's all I've got to say."

And all three of the boys paid thele.

Well, Jack's in suck, that's all I've so to say."

And all three of the boys paid their devoirs to Jack's wife, who knew about eleven times more than any of them thought she did. She sat down and ilso the four and list the four thought she did. She sat down and ilstened to the talk of the four men-very heavy business talk it was—for a couple of minutes, and then she went upstairs and due out a few packs of cards.

"I'l should think you boys would like to play cards to pass away the time," said she tripping back into the room.

"Would be a good scheme, wouldn't it, fellows:" said Jack.

"And I've always been just crasy to learn how to play poker, too," said the pretty toung matron. "Why not teach me now?"

"Bully good idea," chorused the three

pretty roung matron. "Why not teach me cow?"

"Bully good idea," chorused the three pals of the young married man.

This is how the game happened to be resumed.

"Jack," said Mrs. Jack, after the game had gone on, with herself as a comfortable winner—this always happens—for swhile, "did old Mam Sue put anything cold to eat and drink in the refrigerator before she went away this afternoon?"

"Belleve there is something or other on ice." said Jack, and his three pals didn't crack a grip when they all caught his eye at orce. Neither did Mrs. Jack "let on" that she saw the empty bottles and sandwiches sticking out of the repositories where the chums of her husband had stowed them. Another "feed" appeared on the sideboard composed of moists and solds, just like the one that had been secreted by the pals. The game went on until about 11:30, the regular breaking up time anyhow, and all hands quitting even, which doesn't often happen in a poker inyhow, and all hands quitting even which doesn't often happen in a poker

game.
"Thought we'd get it in the neck
when I heard Jack's wife's voice, didn't
you, fellows?" asked one of them on the way home.
"I was hunting for the tall cactus all

"I was hunting for the tall cactus all right," replied one.
"I had the back door all measured," said the other.
"Say," on of them remarked, after a little slience, Jack's wife's the real thing, isn't she? If I could get hold of one like that that 'ud marry me I'd get spliced to-morrow morning before breakfast, wouldn't you, fellows?"
"In a minute," said the other two.
"I'll bet those fellows are praising you for not turning 'em out of doors," said Jack to his wife, after the boys had left the house.
"What for?" she asked.
But Jack let it go at that.

Our Ignorant Naval Militia. The auxiliary cruiser Yankee, which is manned by the New York Naval Mil-

is manned by the New York Naval Mil-litia, includes in her crew a large num-ber of electrical men. During the Yan-kee's recent visit to New York, shore leave was granted to the crew, for the first time since they joined the ship.
"There are funny things in spite of the hard work," said one of them. "We were out at sea, and one of the boys-you know him- was Joing his trick at the wheel. Commander Brownson came up alongside him, and, after watching him a few minutes, said:
"You steer vers well, my man."
"Billy just sainted—being up on na-val eti-putite.



Big Chief-I read Little Chief's tracts. Livie Chief give Big Chief five cents. Rev. Sandwich-Why should I give you five cents?

Big Ohler-Buy beer for Big Chief. Tracts very dry readin'. UP-TO-DATE MENDICANT

Benevolent Stranger-Such a pity. What caused your Mindness?



setus—tr. ap, neah, Midas, git ap, sah. Ev'ry time yo passes an oat field yo' gives yo'selft up so much to de contemptashun uv de vegitashun, dat yo' fo'gits to run. (Chuckles). Haw, haw, haw, Doggone yo' mute, yo' knows as much as I do, en ef yo' didn't I'd kils yo' suak. Git ap, heah, Midas,



Dr. Kurnit-What is your atment?
O'Hara-I'm worried about money matters. Dr. Kurnit-I think I can relieve you. WISE PAPA.



Small Boy-Pop, dey say dat do fish is blifing to-day. Big Father-Well, you stick ter your work and day wont bite you.